

1831

Letter from "T" to James B. Finley

'T'

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My dear Sir,

The following reflections were occasioned by your sermon
at a meeting a few days since.
Hail those, of juster worth, but not thy own
Cares and the poor man's, care of the flock
Of God. Orest! say, highly favoured thou.
Thy calling holy, and thy charge divine.
Had it no toil, it were unworthy thee
To cross, unlike thy Saviour. Had thy path
So thorns, 'twere not like this, 'twere not the way
To Heaven.
'Tis thine to guard the fold, to feed the lamb
To raise the fallen, to sustain the faint,
To cheer the mourner, stay the wanderer
To soothe the bed of death, to point the soul
Just fluttering from its clay, to Canaan's shore
Yeaven to hand it over the fearful stream
Till angels meet, and mid the angels charge
But glories more than these are thine, & more
Than man, or angel tongue can ever describe.
'Tis thine to preach the gospel, to proclaim
Salvation to the lost, life to the dead.
Sublime employment! entrusted by divine
First given to angels, then transferred to man,
The highest honour, Heaven could best bestow.
O mourn it not, rejoice with every breath,
With every power, & triumph in this.

From J.
Lin July 5 1831

Rev. J. B. Furber
Presb. mch

Still keep the treasure sacred, it has worth
More than ten thousand worlds.

Look round thee on the field thou standest on,
Ting it has sown, but still the wheat will thriven.

Behold it ripens, its golden heads,

Reflect the rays Divine; bright & unsullied

Though the foe has pass'd, it shall be reap'd:

And thou, rejoicing, shalt thy sheaves bring him.

Look upward. See Him stand, who died for thee,

Died for the sinners thou art call'd to call,

He offers life to thee, life for the dead.

He spreads his banner over thee, and his arm

Encircles thee in love. His power sustains,

He is thy sun, thy shield, even to the end!

The end, how near, ah who can tell! thy crown

Who values? or who counts thy trophies won?

From many a land, even from the savage shore,

Eternity along, the Redeemer's

Perchance, more dear than all, & nearest thee,

The Forest's son shall shine, & point the back,

To the blest hour when first thy welcome ^{voice}

Brought to his startled ear, a Saviour.

Or what are all thy toil, grief & afflictions?

Thy watching, & thy spirit's kindest woe,

Wighed with the glory that shall be revealed.

Cincinnati July 5th / 31